

Memories and Memiors

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Summary: The original X-Men get together to talk about old times.

Memories and Memiors

X-Men Unlimited #17

> Memories and Memoirs<br> Starring: Cyclops, Phoenix, Iceman, Beast, and Angel.

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> <br> " I beg your pardon, but I did not look like the Stay-Puff Marshmallow Man!!!" Beast shouted at Bobby Drake as he doubled over laughing on the plush foot stool. "I find your sense of humor highly unamusing." Hank sulked as he tucked his large, blue furred hands underneath his armpits with a mock sense of broken pride as he turned away from the photo album.

> <br> "I do!" Bobby continued to cackle as Jean and Warren began to snicker. Even their solemn leader, Cyclops, was having a hard time keeping a straight face.

> <br> "Then perhaps you'll find this..."Hank grinned, lunging at Bobby, knocking him off of the foot stool and onto the floor."To be a Riot!"

> <br> Bobby flashed his famous boyish grin as his blue eyes sparkled with mischief. "Oh you're dead,Hank..." Bobby laughed. " By 2 PM tomorrow, a certain television news reporter will have this photo in her possession."

> <br> "If Trish sees that portrayal of my less than flattering physique, Bobby, you'll--"

> <br> "Guys, guys..." Warren said as he placed his palms on the arm rest of the chair as he began to rise. " Tell me when you guys are ready to grow up." Warren sighed sarcastically as he arose from the chair, earning questioning glances from both Bobby and Hank as he solemnly walked into the kitchen.

> <br> "Yeesh. Who peed in his cheerios?" Bobby asked softly as Warren disappeared out of earshot behind the door frame.

> <br> "I hate to admit it, but I think Warren might have been

right." Scott sighed as he leaned back against the couch cushions.

> <br> Jean sighed worriedly as gave Bobby small look of disgust before a smile crept across her face. "But you have admit,Hank..." Jean bit her lip to keep from giggling. "You were a little pudgy back then." She snickered, finally giving into the pressure. Even Scott cracked a smile he watched both Jean and Bobby try to withhold their laughter.

> <br> "I beg your pardon?" Hank said with a mock hurt look. "Well then, I believe some revenge is in order." Hank smiled evilly, showing his white teeth in stark contrast to his blue fur as he flipped through the pages. "Aha! Here is a photographic representation that you may find to your dismay, Mrs. Summers." Hank continued his evil smile as he revealed the book to Warren who had just returned from the kitchen with a glass of ice tea in his left hand. A smirk appeared on Warren emotionless face and a glint of mischievousness filled his eyes as he gave Jean a taunting look.

> <br> "What is it?" Jean asked as Beast now joined him in taunting, only answering her in the form of a smile. "Oh, let me see it, already." Jean said as she tore the book away from Hank's large hands.

> <br> There, in the photo album, was a picture of a soaked redhead woman wrapped in a towel and covered from head to toe with dripping wet, matted blue fur. Her hair lay haphazardly down in front of her face with the contrast of the wet fur.

> <br> Scott laughed as looked of Jean's shoulder, and Jean shot him a dirty look before a smile began to form on her own face. "I think we owe this shot to you,Hank." Scott laughed.

> <br> "It wasn't my fault that my beautiful blue fur clogged the mansion's, how shall I say, ANCIENT, and might I add, UNDERSIZED plumbing." Hank grinned a toothy grin.

> <br> "Yeah, and poor Jean ended up taking a shower right after you!" Bobby grinned as he studied the picture upside-down in Jean's lap." And out of the drain it came.....like a thief in the night...IT'S IT'S....THE BLUE TOUPEE FROM HADES!"

> <br> The entire group chuckled.

> <br> "No, it when the Professor decided to put hair strainers on all of the drains." Warren grinned smugly as he settled back into the arm chair. "You'd think with all that hair, Hank would put the hair club for men out business."

> <br> "Yeah, the Professor could get a blue toupee and join a heavy metal band." Bobby added.

> <br> "Oh, and I suppose you don't have the monopoly on feather down pillows?" Hank shot back.

> <br> "Let me see that...." Scott said quietly as he reached across Jean's lap, and gently lifted it out of her lap. As Scott thumbed through the pages of memoirs, a flood of memories entered his mind, some sweet, others bitter, but nonetheless the equation of what would equal a happy life for each them.

> <br> Scott suddenly stopped and laid the album flat upon the coffee table. Beneath his thumb, under the glossy, transparent paper was a picture of 5 young teenagers posing nervously in front of a camera with black and gold spandex uniforms. Each had their own expression. The woman wore a black hood over her face and the majority of her long, red hair. A rigid young man stood beside her in an almost perfect replica of her costume. The only difference being a gold visor that sat below his tense, thoughtful brow. A large third young man sat, or rather squatted, at his feet, wide-eyed and giving a toothy grin as he gave the camera one of his best smiles while balancing himself upon his oversized feet and hands. A fourth youth

stood behind the three with the wings that could only be described as ones that belonged to a heavenly angel. And finally, the fifth and youngest teen stood in front of his left wing, his body made of pure, yet slightly translucent, ice that sparkled with an almost glittery appearance as he also gave the camera a wide grin accompanied by the mischief dancing in his innocent blue eyes.

> <br> Bobby jumped over the corner of the wooden coffee table and stood beside Scott, leaning over to further examine the picture.

"Hey, that's us the first day we came to the school." He pointed.

"Man, have we changed." He sighed wistfully as he looked at Scott and Jean.

> <br> "Some of us haven't changed a bit." Scott sighed happily, smiling at his wife, who was now also leaning over the album.

> <br> "Ah yes, 'Beast paused, following Scott's glance to Jean, "Mrs. Summers is still as beautiful as the day she darkened the doors of the school." Hank smiled, causing Jean to grin and laugh a little.

> <br> "Remember," Scott grinned as he put his arm around her shoulders. "She's mine, Hank."

> <br> "A mere technicality, Slim." Beast laughed as he stretched out upon the wooden floor not meaning the least thing about it, and knew likewise, that his friend knew to take it as so. "

> <br> "We've become so close over the years..." Scott thought to himself. "It's almost as if we were a family looking over some old vacation photos..." He sighed. "Despite the trials and hardships we've had to face to over the years, it's a wonder that we're even still sitting here--alive--and actually laughing, and to be completely honest, I wouldn't have it any other way."

> <br> Scott closed the photo album, and placed it gently to the side. The roar of the fire was the only sound in the room. Something's were just better left unsaid, and the bond between friends could never be put into words.

> <br> "It really wasn't long ago...." Scott's voice trailed off. "What? Seven years?"

> <br> Bobby grinned as he leaned up against the side of footstool, stretching his legs across the floor. "It's wonder how you all have put up with me for all these years."

> <br> "It's a wonder we're still in the process of debating." Warren grinned slightly.

> <br> Bobby turned and shot Warren a dirty look, shaking his head. "Actually, I was being serious. I mean, most people go through friends every few years, but look at us...We're here. Still together. Still...I dunno...friends, I guess." He shrugged.

> <br> "I believe Bobby makes a valid point." Hank sighed as he placed his hands behind his furry head. "Despite what each of us has done, like try to create a cure for mutancy, or what we look like, 'Beast glanced down and motioned down to the blue fur that covered his chest...."

> <br> "Or try to kill each other." Warren said darkly.

> <br> "Like you're not the only one who's tried to do that?" Bobby grinned, but was met with a cold, stern look from Warren. Bobby raised his eyebrows in dismissal as he turned back to face the others.

> <br> "That was in the past, Warren." Scott said matter-of-factly as he glanced at Warren without even looking up.

> <br> Warren only sighed as he turned to gaze upon the fire, the red glow giving off an almost purplish effect on his blue skin. "Scott, you just don't understa--"

> <br> "What I think," Jean began, cutting him off, "is that maybe you're the one who doesn't understand." Jean spoke with a calm,

correcting voice, not one of anger or malice. "Warren, you couldn't control yourself, and we forgave you." Jean sighed, and then looked him straight in the eye. "Now I think it's time for you to forgive yourself."

>   
 Warren looked away, not able to face Jean after her comment, knowing it was fully true. Jean looked down and away from Warren, thinking that her words had fallen upon dead ears. She, then, turned to her husband, hoping he could add something to the conversation.

>   
 "Warren," Scott paused, collecting his thoughts. " We've all done things in the past we're not proud of, but life is about accepting what you've done and moving on with your life with the knowledge that you've gained."

>   
 Jean felt Scott's mood suddenly shift through the psychic repore they shared. She didn't even have to scan his mind, to tell that he was reflecting upon something he regretted his own past. Jean knew that there was only one thing that pained Scott so much: his previous marriage,his son Nathan, and the way he felt that he let them slip right through his fingertips.

>   
 {{Being a little hypocritical?}} Jean asked telepathically.

>   
 Scott smiled and laughed to himself, partially embarrassed that Jean knew what he was thinking.{{ You caught me red-handed.}}

>   
 "Maybe you should listen to your own advice,Scott." Jean whispered as she gently her head upon his shoulder.

>   
 Scott snorted in retort. "Maybe that isn't such a bad idea after all." Scott smiled as he pulled her closer to him.

>   
 "Well, if it's all the same to you guys..."Bobby yawned. "I think I'll be hitting the hay." Bobby slowly rose from the floor.

>   
 "I think I'll be retiring as well." Hank smiled as he bounded across the carpeted floor on both his hands and feet. "Good night, my friends. And please refrain from letting any bed bugs bite."

>   
 Jean laughed. "We will,Hank. We will." Scott nodded as he watched Warren rise as well.

>   
 "Good night, Warren." Scott said in a hushed tone as he nodded.

>   
 Warren only nodded as he disappeared into the shadows of the house that Bobby and Hank had previously disappeared into. Once they were gone, Jean rested her head upon Scott's shoulder, and he rested his head upon her's. "I love you,Sweetheart.

>   
 "I love you too,Scott."

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file.